The bliſſefull dew of heaven do's arowze you.
The powerfull *Venus*, well hath grac'd her Altar,
And given you your love: Our Maſter *Mars*
Haſt vouch'd his Oracle, and to *Arcite* gave
The grace of the Contention: So the Deities
Have ſhew'd due juſtice: Beare this hence.
Pal. O Coſen,
That we ſhould things deſire, which doe coſt us
The loſſe of our deſire; That nought could buy
Deare love, but loſſe of deare love.
Theſ. Never Fortune
Did play a ſubtler Game: The conquerd triumphes,
The victor has the Loſſe: yet in the paſſage,
The gods have beene moſt equall: *Palamon*,
Your kinſeman hath confeſt the right o'th Lady.
Did lye in you, for you firſt ſaw her, and
Even then proclaimd your fancie: He reſtord her
As your ſtolne Iewell, and deſir'd your ſpirit
To ſend him hence forgiven; The gods my juſtice
Take from my hand, and they themſelves become
The Executioners: Leade your Lady off;
And call your Lovers from the ſtage of death,
Whom I adopt my Frinds. A day or two
Let us looke ſadly, and give grace unto
The Funerall of *Arcite*, in whoſe end
The viſages of Bridegroomes weele put on
And ſmile with *Palamon*; for whom an houre,
But one houre ſince, I was as dearely ſorry,
As glad of *Arcite*: and am now as glad,
As for him ſorry. O you heavenly Charmers,
What things you make of us? For what we lacke
We laugh, for what we have, are ſorry ſtill,
Are children in ſome kind. Let us be thankefull
For that which is, and with you leave diſpute
That are above our queſtion: Let's goe off,
And beare us like the time.

Floriſh. Exeunt.

Epilogue.

EPILOGVE.

I Would now aske ye how ye like the Play,
But as it is with Schoole Boyes, cannot ſay,
I am cruell fearefull: pray yet ſtay a while,
And let me looke upon ye: No man ſmile?
Then it goes hard I ſee; He that has
Lov'd a yong handſome wench then, ſhow his face:
Tis ſtrange if none be heere, and if he will
Againſt his Conſcience let him hiſſe, and kill
Our Market: Tis in vaine, I ſee to ſtay yee,
Have at the worſt can come, then; Now what ſay ye?
And yet miſtake me not: I am not bold
We have no ſuch cauſe. If the tale we have told
(For tis no other) any way content ye)
(For to that honeſt purpoſe it was ment ye)
We have our end; and ye ſhall have ere long
I dare ſay many a better, to prolong
Your old loves to us: we, and all our might,
Reſt at your ſervice, Gentlemen, good night.

Floriſh.

FINIS.